

**the world's gone  
crazy (let's do the  
same)**

*fire, water, gravel, vinyl - II*

**punk\_rock\_yuppie**

## the world's gone crazy (let's do the same) by punk\_rock\_yuppie

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**Summary:**

Richie and Mike have a plan; their boyfriends are *very* okay with the plan.

## the world's gone crazy (let's do the same)

### Author's Note:

okay so, uh, couple things first:

-mike and richie are not related in this in any way; i know we all love the idea of lost twins or cousins or whathaveyou, but in this they are just two bros who happen to look identical.

-characters are aged up, even if i don't get specific. i pictured them as 18/19 while writing this.

-this is purely unrepentant self indulgent smut written at the behest of my best cheerleader and editor, my writing soul mate, hannah (cathect).

i think that's all from me. enjoy!

Richie and Mike's eyes meet at the same moment, and together they share an identical smirk. Will and Bill are sufficiently distracted by the NintendoDS in Bill's hands, the new *Pokemon* game living up to the hype. The TV is on too, but it's little more than background noise. Richie and Mike stopped watching several minutes ago, deciding to have a wordless conversation instead. It's a habit they picked up quickly and one they make almost constant use of.

They aren't related, which shocks most people given that they could be identical. Same hair color, same texture, though Mike's is longer and Richie's is curlier. They have the same deep brown, almost black eyes; Mike has wide eyes just like Richie, but Mike has perfect eyesight where Richie has to wear thick glasses. Their body types are identical, though: same height, same slightly broad shoulders. Mike has more freckles where Richie has more moles but—

Nearly identical, is the thing. Close, but no cigar. Like someone copied a friend's homework and tweaked it just enough to be different.

They may not be related but they've smoothly developed something akin to twin telepathy. They're constantly on the same page, able to speak volumes with a raised eyebrow and smirk.

That's what they do now: they speak, silently, while their boyfriends sit off to the side, none-the-wiser.

Mike's lips are pursed a little nervously, and he's blushing high on his cheeks. Richie knows he's blushing, too, but he's not nervous. The worst that can happen is Will and Bill call them weirdos, and that's hardly anything new; Richie tells Mike as much with an especially articulate shrug. The conversation wears on until Mike clearly gets fed up—there's a certain spark in his eyes, one Richie knows well—and their plan tumbles into motion.

Mike lurches forward and kisses Richie square on the lips. It's clumsy and Mike misses a bit, catching Richie half on the lips, half beside his mouth. Laughing softly, Richie takes him by the shoulder and guides him into a far more smooth and sweet kiss. Their lips seal together, Mike's soft, Richie's chapped, and a spark flares in Richie's gut. It's nothing like kissing Bill; not better, just different, but in an intoxicating way.

Eventually, distantly, he hears identical gasps from across the room.

"Wh-wh-what the fuck," Bill murmurs, and Richie can't help but laugh into the kiss.

Mike breaks away with an identical grin, and he's first to look over at their boyfriends. Richie watches the surprise flit across the face that looks just like his, and finally gives in to look over as well.

Bill and Will are both blushing bright, and the DS is lax in Bill's grip. Will looks stricken and his chest is heaving in short bursts. Bill seems more collected, but his mouth is hanging open slightly and his eyes are wide in a way that Richie knows means he's so turned on it probably *hurts*.

"We got bored," Richie says plainly. He scoots closer to Mike until their knees knock together. "You two seemed busy, so."

Mike socks him lightly on the arm.

Neither Bill or Will say anything and the moment stretches out uncomfortably long. Richie can see the panic starting to form in

Mike's expression, so he kisses him again. Solidly, and full of determination. He kisses him until Mike starts to relax, and then he slips his tongue along the seam of Mike's lips.

Mike gasps but opens his mouth obediently, and as they deepen the kiss Richie just barely catches a keening moan from Bill. Richie doesn't break the kiss, no matter how much he wants to tease his boyfriend. He kisses Mike harder, licks into his mouth with fervor, until they're falling back onto the carpet with Richie cradled between Mike's legs.

They break apart, panting for air, and together they look over at their boyfriends.

Will has reached out to grab Bill's knee, and is squeezing so tight it looks painful. Bill looks almost cross-eyed, and Richie can see the bulge at the front of his jeans.

"Is this okay?" Mike says, suddenly drawing Richie's attention away from Bill. Mike and Will are looking intently at each other, and Richie watches Will give the slightest of nods. Then, Mike smiles again and knots a hand in the hair at the base of Richie's neck. He lets Mike tug him into another kiss with a groan.

Richie's hard in his pants, and can feel Mike's own erection digging against his hip. It's dizzying, the feel of someone other than Bill against him, knowing that Bill is watching. Knowing that *Will* is watching, too.

In the time that Richie has known him—that is to say, not very long—Will has been quiet and reserved and Richie has constantly had an itch under his skin to unravel the cool exterior and break into what's underneath. He'd told Mike as much, and it's in part what sparked this whole plan. That, and Bill's quiet and drunken confession a few weeks back that having *two* Richie's around was something he's dreamt about before.

He pulls back from Mike and stares, and Mike looks up at him. It's an inviting sight, and Richie idly wonders if he looks as debauched. He raises an eyebrow, and Mike bites his lip in response. Together, they look over to Will and Bill, both sitting stock-still and watching.

“You can join us,” Mike says softly, no bite in his tone, something Richie could never manage. It’s worth it, Mike’s gentleness, when Will finally moves. He practically melts with the way he sinks from the chair to the carpet. He shuffles over to them on his knees, but stops a foot away. Richie wants to reach for him, and Mike beats him to it.

Their fingers link and Will lets out a shuddering exhale.

In much the same way that Richie and Mike can communicate without talking aloud, Will does the same thing now.

Richie goes obediently when Mike pushes at his chest, even if he misses the warmth quickly. He sits back as Mike sits up, feeling like an intruder when Mike cups Will’s cheek tenderly. More unspoken words are had, clearly, and then Will looks at him.

Richie hurries forward without prompting and mirrors Mike’s hand, cupping Will’s other cheek and stroking under his eye carefully.

“Can I?” He asks quietly. He ignores the mild surprise on Mike’s face for the jerky nod Will gives him. He leans in slowly, giving time for someone to stop him, and then he’s kissing Will. Will’s lips are soft, too, probably because he and Mike use the same chapstick. Will sighs against his lips and Richie runs his tongue over Will’s bottom lip.

Will sighs again and opens his mouth wider, and Richie takes the invite for what it is. He hums as he tastes the inside of Will’s mouth—stale soda, the faint sweetness of the sucker he had earlier—and swallows Will’s answering gasps.

Richie pulls away first and admires the flush on Will’s skin. Mike’s hand has trailed down Will’s neck to his hip, and he’s rubbing soothing circles into his boyfriend’s skin. Reluctantly, Richie looks away to Bill. Bill who hasn’t moved and looks just as shocked, just as turned on. His cock hasn’t softened at all, and it calms something in Richie’s chest.

He holds out his hand and Bill comes to him immediately. He’s less graceful than Will, probably because Bill towers over them all and is gangly as fuck, trips over himself every inch of the way. Eventually

he falls beside Richie and Will, and they all freeze.

“Sh-should we talk about this?” Bill asks, voice hoarse.

“Probably.” Mike agrees.

Richie shrugs, and laughs under his breath when Will shrugs too.

“Is this okay?” Mike asks again, this time directed at Bill.

Bill exhales unsteadily, but nods. “I’m okay with it,” he says.

Richie can’t help himself. “Did you like it?” He asks Bill eagerly.

Bill’s blush worsens, but he nods again. “Y-yeah,” he says, not his stutter but his arousal breaking up his words.

Richie shares a grin with Mike, then turns his sights on Will. “You liked it?”

Will’s answering smile is private and shy, and Richie’s heart skips a beat at the sight.

“Then we’re doing this,” Richie declares around his hammering heartbeat. “We’ll just figure it out as we go, yeah?”

There’s murmurs of agreement all around, but none of them move. Richie waits expectantly, but when the minutes keep passing and it seems like everyone else is frozen, he takes initiative. He leans forward and cups Will’s cheek again and pulls him closer. He doesn’t ask for permission this time, but Will tilts his head in a way that tells him it’s okay.

Richie marvels at kissing Will, how different it is. Kissing Bill is like coming home; crawling into bed and finding comfort, Richie being given what he wants without having to ask. Kissing Mike is entirely different, not like coming home but not like going away either; it’s a give and take, sweet but biting.

Kissing Will is heady, like a rush of power. Will caves under him into the kiss, shy and timid but entirely open to Richie. He kisses back eagerly, but gives the reigns over entirely to Richie. They moan softly

into each other's mouths and don't come apart until their lungs are burning.

Richie grins, unable to help himself, at Mike and then Bill. Mike matches his expression, if more muted, and Bill still looks stricken.

"Bill?" Richie tries. Bill's intense gaze snaps to him, and he swallows. "Still okay?"

Bill nods quickly. "S-still okay." He promises with a smile at Richie. He leans in and brushes a quick kiss over Richie's lips. "Keep going," he adds, bolstering Richie's confidence and arousal in equal measure.

When Richie looks back at Will, he's settled against Mike's chest, and Mike has propped himself up against the bed. They're both staring expectantly, Mike's grin broad where Will's is more reserved. Mike beckons him and Richie reaches for Bill's hand first, and then tugs him along as he slots himself closer to Will.

Bill ends up on the side, but he's grinning, like he's delighted to be there. His body is pressed along all three of them: his arm brushing Mike's, his hand on Will's thigh, his leg against Richie's. It's perfect, a circuit, a feedback loop.

Richie leans in and kisses Will, presses him against Mike and lays himself against Will's body. There's nothing uneasy about the movements. His hips meet Will's in a way that feels as natural as breathing. Mike's own body jumps, pushes them closer together, and Richie rides the wave swiftly.

He strains his ears to catch Bill's soft, almost silent moans as he watches.

"What do you want?" Richie hisses against Will's mouth, as much a question for him as it is for Mike or Bill.

Will keens against his lips and grinds against Richie.

"Can I?" He asks, sucking on Will's lower lip briefly as though he's sucking the answer right from his lungs. Mike answers instead.



“Yeah.” Hardly more than a whisper, but his voice against Will’s neck makes the shorter boy shiver. Richie groans lowly and dives a hand between their bodies. He undoes the button and zipper of Will’s shorts and slides his hand inside.

He lays his palm over Will’s cock, over his briefs. He grips him through the cotton and squeezes.

Will moans and wraps a hand around Richie’s neck. His nails, bitten down as they are, bite into Richie’s skin and spur him on. He moves his hand faster inside Will’s shorts and shudders when a spurt of precome stains the briefs, a barely-there wetness on Richie’s fingertips.

Richie pulls back to breathe and chokes on his next inhale when he looks up to see Mike suckling along Will’s neck, and Bill reaching out one tentative hand to brush over Will’s nipples. It’s just over his shirt, but the friction must be good because Will cries out and his head tips back onto Mike’s shoulder.

Richie pants as he strokes faster, desperately hard in his own jeans. Will writhes between the three of them until Mike sucks a deep purple lovebite into his neck and Will comes, suddenly and intense. His hips buck and his cock pulses in Richie’s hand. His come is warm and sticky as it spills out under Richie’s grip.

Will goes lax as suddenly as he started, and a dopey grin flits across his face. He tucks closer to Mike, and he shivers when Richie slips his hand from his shorts.

Will flings out a hand and yanks Richie in by the shirt for another kiss. Richie hums against his lips; the kiss is chaste but heavy, and Richie pulls back dizzyier than before. Before he can go far, Mike leans in and steals a kiss too, and Richie can hear Bill’s breathing quicken.

Richie sits back as they all catch their breath again, and watches as Will slides from Mike’s lap to sit beside him. Mike’s hard in his jeans and even though Richie knew it, it’s gratifying to see.

“Who’s next?” He tries to joke, though his voice cracks part way through.

Richie is pretty sure Bill's answering whimper is involuntary, but it speaks volumes. He and Mike grin at each other but rather than converging on Bill they converge on each other. They come together seamlessly and kiss as though they've been at it for years. Mike's fingers tangle in Richie's hair and tug, and Richie's hands work their way under Mike's shirt without hesitation.

They kiss wet, noisily, guided by Bill's breathing as it gets heavier and heavier. Richie moves back to breathe and watches as Will leans in to pepper kisses along Mike's neck. His gaze slides over to Bill, jeans undone and hand shoved in his pants.

"Want some help with that, Big Bill?" Richie asks, swallowing the catch in his voice when he catches a glimpse of the head of Bill's dick, brief and slick.

Bill shakes his head and Richie almost misses it when he whispers, "just want to watch." Almost misses it, but not quite. Richie groans and moves to Mike again who greets him easily. The longer they kiss, the harder it gets to focus. Richie's dick is straining in his jeans, and his attention is pulled too many places at once.

He wants to focus on Mike's mouth, or the little soft words Will keeps murmuring to Mike, or the slick sounds of Bill working his dick and moaning louder, faster each passing moment. Richie groans and bites down on Mike's lip, and Mike matches his sound.

"Big Bill?" Mike huffs against Richie's mouth with a grin.

Richie wants to bite back with a snappish retort, but nothing comes to mind. He kisses Mike instead and sucks on his tongue, swallowing the startled moan he gets for his efforts. Richie pulls back and pants against Mike's lips, and they look over at Bill together.

Bill who's still on his knees and stroking himself faster. His jeans have sunk down his hips, and every stroke of his hand gives them a quick glimpse at his swollen cockhead, still leaking precome.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it Bill?" Richie asks as he kisses idly at Mike's cheek. "Isn't it good?"

Bill nods jerkily and whines, high pitched, in the back of his throat. His hips jerk and he fucks into his fist, and Richie watches Bill's gaze lock with Mike's as he comes. It should be weird, maybe, but it's just *hot*. Hot to watch Mike's deep brown eyes latch onto Bill's own watery blue; hot to watch Bill's lower lip fall as a moan tears from his throat. It's wordless, but Richie thinks it maybe sounds like a jumbled mix of *Richie* and *Mike*.

Bill comes all over his fist and tips his head back as he rides out his orgasm. As he starts to come down, he shivers, and Richie can't help but do the same. He looks over at Mike, and grins at the dazed look on his face.

Bill wipes his hand on his jeans sheepishly, and does his pants back up. He's blushing worse than ever, but Richie knows it's not a bad thing. Bill's smile won't fade, even after Richie moves closer to kiss him deeply.

"Just yo-you two left," Bill says quietly.

Richie looks at Mike, who shrugs.

"I have an idea." Will is soft, but when the three of them look over, his smile is a touch devilish. He gestures Bill closer and they speak in hushed tones for a moment, Richie and Mike both just barely catching words. After a moment they each sit back, then practically mold themselves to their boyfriends. Richie watches as Will tucks himself closer than ever to Mike's side, and shivers when Bill does the same to him.

"Seems like you guys have it all figured out," Richie mumbles. Bill grins against his neck and snakes a hand around to the front of his shorts.

"You could say that." Bill agrees.

At the same time that Bill's hand slips into Richie's too-big shorts, Will slides a hand into Mike's own pants. Richie watches, heart hammering in his throat, as Mike tilts his head back with a low moan. Will is grinning, and blushing, and pressing sweet kisses against the hinge of Mike's jaw. His hand works slow and steady, but

when he pulls away Mike keens with the loss.

“Can we?” Will whispers with his hand poised at the zipper.

Richie meets Mike’s eyes, gives a nod of his own and gets one in return.

Will draws Mike’s zipper down and after a second of hesitation, he pulls down the waistband of Mike’s briefs, too.

Richie startles when he feels Bill’s hand on him again and looks down to see Bill doing exactly what Will did. Bill pulls down the zipper and flicks open the button, then pulls down Richie’s boxers torturously slow.

Mike’s confused, stilted moan draws Richie’s attention again. He wants to laugh at the way Mike’s eyes are wide and glued to Richie’s dick, but that’d be hypocritical. Almost instantly Richie gives into his own curiosity and looks at Mike. He hums in his own confused way—same length, same girth, but the stretch of foreskin over Mike’s cock is almost jarringly different from Richie’s dick, his cock smooth and plain.

When Richie looks up again, Mike grins at him.

Richie opens his mouth—to say what, he’s not sure—but Bill’s hand curling around his erection stops him short. Will does the same to Mike and all either boy can let out are identical moans.

Bill’s voice starts suddenly in his ear, low and sure. “Look, can you s-see it?” Bill nods toward Mike. Vaguely, Richie can see Will’s lips moving too, though he can’t hear his words over the blood rushing in his ears and Bill’s voice. “That’s what I see, whenever I do th-this to you.”

As if to emphasize his words, Bill squeezes the base of his cock before resuming stroking. “You’re so pretty, Richie.” He tightens his grip and strokes faster, just like he knows Richie likes it.

Richie watches Will’s hand on Mike, how he strokes slower, how he flicks his thumb over Mike’s leaking slit every time he pulls the foreskin down. It’s a rhythm, but so different from the way Bill works

him over.

“He moans just like you, t-too,” Bill whispers, almost sounding awed. Almost cued, Mike moans then and tips his head back again. Will’s grin widens against Mike’s cheek, and his strokes never falter. Richie watches as Mike’s hips start to push into Will’s touch, as Mike’s hands grip the carpet.

“Thank you.” Bill bites Richie’s ear after the admission, soft followed by sharp. “Even though I know you’re getting jus-st as much out of th-this as I am.” Bill grins and digs his teeth into the lobe of Richie’s ear, tugs. He speeds up his strokes and presses closer to Richie’s body. Through the layers of fabric, Richie can just barely feel the outline of Bill’s renewed erection—the joys of being young, he thinks, though he can’t get the words out any other way than to moan desperately.

“Come on,” Bill says, though suddenly it seems louder. “Come for me,” he says, and Richie realizes Will is saying the same. Both of them are louder than the whispers from before. Bill is speaking just as much to Mike as Will is speaking to Richie.

Richie tries to keep his eyes open and manages just long enough to stare at Mike, who stares right back, before he’s coming and thrusting into Bill’s hand. Richie’s eyes flutter shut despite his best attempt to resist, and he slumps against Bill as he rides out the wave of his orgasm. His moans are muted to his own ears and instead he focuses on Mike’s own. They do sound the same, except for the way Mike chants “*Will, Will, Will,*” under his breath.

Mike and Richie both pant heavily in the aftermath. Bill wipes Richie’s spunk on his shorts, and Will does the same on Mike’s pants. Richie watches Will and Bill share a grin of their own, and has to wonder if they had some sort of plan of their own. He shrugs off the thought, figures it doesn’t matter since they all got what they wanted in the end, and looks at Mike.

Mike looks tired, sated, and smirks at him. Richie raises an eyebrow—*this was my idea, what do you look so smug for?* Mike just shakes with silent laughter and tucks his face against Will’s neck rather than answering.

“Thank you,” Bill whispers again. He shifts to sit in front of Richie and kisses him softly on the lips.

“Thank you.” Richie says back. “I gotta say, though, I wouldn’t mind watching you and Will making out.”

Mike makes a noise of agreement, even though he’s muffled with his face against Will. Richie watches Will and Bill look at each other; he watches Bill raise an eyebrow, and watches the corner of Will’s mouth twitch.

“Next time,” Bill and Will say together.

**Author's Note:**

if people liked this and there's interest, i could be persuaded to write more installments... just sayin'